



Ex-CBI Roundup

—CHINA—BURMA—INDIA—

FEBRUARY 1970





PAGODA near Paoching, China, in 1944. Note growth of vegetation at all levels.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

Vol. 25, No. 2

February, 1970

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Neil L. Maurer

Editor

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Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● **Cover photo** this month, used through courtesy of the U.S. Air Force, is a street scene in Nanning, China, after the Japanese had retreated.

● **Someone** has sent us a little story clipped from a magazine, author unknown, which we believe you'll enjoy: In India, a chit is a recommendation given a person who has sold something or performed a service. Everyone, including the sweeper, asks for one. One day, a street peddler approached me and tried to sell me a shawl. "Do not trust this old man," said my guide. "He will cheat you." "It is not true," said the peddler, "Very fine chit from American." He handed me a much-folded, greasy, dog-eared piece of paper. As I read it, I saw it was dated 1944, when the American forces in the China-Burma-India theater of war had a rest camp nearby. The message said: "To whom it may concern: I would gladly recommend Afzai Mehdi to my landlord, my mother-in-law, my first sergeant, and to all the second lieutenants in the U.S. Army."

● **Inflation** has reared its ugly head, reminding us of wartime days when the official rate of exchange of Chinese National Currency for American money was 20 to 1, but the going rate was actually 1,000 to 1 or whatever was offered. What we're referring to is not quite that serious . . . we invite you to turn to the back page of this issue and find out about it.

● **Moving?** Once again we ask you to send us your change of address promptly!

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CBI in 1945

● Left from Miami, Fla., January 30, 1945, and reached CBI at Karachi. Remained there a few days to get final assignment. Left States with MOS 747 (airplane and engine mechanic) assigned to ATC. Received training at San Bernardino, Calif., and was assigned to Sookerating, Assam, where worked in 100-hour maintenance crew. Remained here until end of conflict, and helped close base. Moved to Mohanbari to help close operations there.

C. D. (SKIP) WISHAM,
Bridgeton, N.J.

7th Bomb Group

● Sure enjoy Ex-CBI Roundup; but don't see names of too many familiar 7th Bomb wallas. Was flight engineer with 493rd at Pandaveswar, 1943-44. Flew with Lieutenants Rote and Carr. Don't see many CBIs around these parts, but there are a few.

ROBERT A. WASHBURN,
Owosso, Mich.



BEGGAR woman with child at Karachi in 1945. Photo by John A. Simmerl.



HARVEST time finds Chinese farmer reaping a crop by hand. Photo from Mrs. Harald Leuba.

23 Years Ago

● It doesn't seem possible that 23 years have passed since leaving Calcutta and the Hooghly. I often look back at the copies of Ex-CBI Roundup, and mine go back to 1949 which makes me one of the pioneer subscribers. I still get a bang out of seeing the distinctive cover envelope each month, and work stops until I check to see if by some chance someone I know has written a letter to Roundup! It is amazing how many CBI people have never heard of the magazine. One day Joe Stenor, the golf pro at our course, happened to mention flying in India. I discovered that he was a light plane pilot with the 1st Air Commando Group, stationed just minutes away from Ondal and Asansol where I was based. Again this past summer my neighbor's children were toting around one of the patches worn by flyers on their backs and I asked them where they got it . . . they said it belonged to their daddy who was "in the war in India." I found that Grayson Gansberger was in an engineering unit and was stationed first in

Calcutta and later on at Misamari in Assam. I still put a CBI decal on every new automobile I purchase, just hoping someone will notice it and remember the "forgotten theater of CBI."

ROCCO V. PERNETTI,
Los Banos, Calif.

Iowans to Meet

● The Iowa Basha spring meeting will be held at the Holiday Inn at Ames, Iowa, on Saturday, May 2. Sahib James Discher of Ames is in charge of arrangements.
RAY ALDERSON,
Dubuque, Iowa

County Commander

● Recently named as Bergen County Commander of the American Legion in New Jersey was Louis M. Caras, who went to the CBI theater as a lieutenant in February 1944 and remained in CBI until December 1945. As an ordnance officer he served with the 60th Ammunition Co. and later was ordnance ammo officer for Advanced Section CBI. He remained in the Army Reserve until 1968, and was promoted to lieutenant colonel in 1965. Caras is vice president and director of purchasing of the Gilman Paper Co., New York City.

(From a news release submitted by the American Legion, Oradell, N.J.)



CALCUTTA street scene, showing pedestrians taking to the streets to avoid sidewalk litter. Picture by H. B. Gorman.

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95th Station

● Was a former clerk-typist with the 95th Station Hospital at Kunming, China, during war years of 1944-45. The hospital was en route to Shanghai, China, at time of V-Japan, and, being older than the average GI, was given first priority to States from Kweichow, China, where we stopped for a few weeks on account of the rainy season. Am now retired after 20 years Civil Service and as a hobby, am saving advertising ball point pens. If anyone of the many readers (I've been a subscriber to Ex-CBI Roundup for many years) enjoying each and every publication and should like if not too much trouble, some advertising pens very much—will return postage if desired—and have extras which I'd be pleased to send to other collectors. Also, should enjoy receiving letters from any of the ex-GIs and nurses who were with the old 95th Station Hospital. Incidentally, was in Kunming, China, at time Pat O'Brien, pictured on page 3 of December 1969 issue, visited at Kunming.

G. D. VAN TASSEL,
Box 434,
Mars Hill, Maine

Gripping Story

● Just read "Jump to the Land of God" by Boyd Sinclair, a very gripping story—especially for those of us who were there.

EARL A. HARRIS, JR.
Broomall, Pa.

Dr. R. F. Olmsted

● A long-time subscriber of Ex-CBI, my surgeon husband, Dr. Randolph F. Olmsted, died recently following a prolonged illness. While we have both always enjoyed Roundup for many years, it gave my husband very special pleasure during the five-year period of his illness. I note in the January issue of the splendid suggestion made by Mrs. Virgil R. Palmer of

Blairsville, Pa., to have her late husband's remaining subscription sent to someone who served in the CBI area, and of your arrangement to transfer the subscription to one of the veterans hospitals. Will you please do this for me too? Perhaps it would be of interest to your readers to know that the doctor was a retired Colonel, AUS, and during WWII commanded the 371st Station Hospital, Ramgahr, India, and later was in command of the 18th General Hospital, Myitkyina, Burma.

MARGARET OLMSTED,
Robinson, Ill.

Following Mrs. Olmsted's suggestion, we have transferred her husband's subscription to the Veterans Administration Hospital, 830 S. Damen, Chicago, Ill.—Ed.

40th Bomb Group

● Just discovered that a customer of my office, Richard McCormick of Rock Glen, N.Y., is a CBI veteran. He was with the 45th Squadron, 40th Bomb Group, at Chakulia and subsequent bases in China, coming out through Tinian. I was former FD-ARC, 4th Combat Cargo Group.

WM. S. SMALLWOOD,
Warsaw, N.Y.

Chabua, Barrackpore

● Was director of personnel, ATC, at Chabua and Barrackpore, January 1944 to December 1945. Have just discovered your magazine through a business acquaintance who has a file of practically all back issues.

FRED W. KEITH, JR.,
Lt. Col., AF Res. Ret.,
Knoxville, Tenn.



SMALL LAKE in compound of the 327 Harbor Craft Co., at Camp Togo, Calcutta, India, in 1944. Photo by H. B. Gorman.

The GI and the Chinese Orphan

Reprinted by permission of the Sunday New York Daily News, New York's Picture Newspaper.

Late in the afternoon of May 2, 1949, Frank Chisari, 27, an ex-GI, stood before the reception desk of the editorial offices of this newspaper. His mission was seemingly impossible. Alone, he could never hope to succeed. Discouraged by the enormity of the task that lay ahead, he groped for words. Finally, he was able to explain the purpose of his visit to the receptionist.

In the center of **The News** city room, reporter Joe Martin eyed the four-sided clock. His day's work would be ended in ten minutes. As he contemplated the pleasures the coming night promised, his reverie was interrupted by Assistant City Editor Ted Dibble. "Joe," he called, "there's a guy outside who wants to tell somebody something about adopting a Chinese kid. See what he has on his mind." Martin grimaced. For a 33-year-old bachelor with a date waiting in a cocktail lounge, it was an assignment he could have easily done without.

He sauntered out to the reception room and introduced himself to Chisari and as the ex-GI slowly and chronologically told his story. Martin felt here was a guy you could fully depend on. He had a quick intelligence. He had been a Golden Gloves boxer and his vise-like grip went with his shoulders. His personality was warm and sincere.

Chisari's story had its genesis 14,000 miles away in Kunming, capital of Yunnan province of south China, terminus of the famous Burma Road and headquarters of the Far East Command of the Office of Strategic Services during World War II. Chisari, then a 21-year-old corporal, had been responsible for the maintenance of radar equipment for B-24s used to drop U.S. agents behind Jap lines.

His story matched the best of Holly-

One of the great human interest stories of CBI, about a G.I. who saved a little Chinese orphan and a city newspaper that brought the child to the young man's home in the United States, was told in the January 1951 issue of *Ex-CBI Roundup*.

Seven years ago *Roundup* carried another story, about the young lady's graduation from high school.

That story which began 24 years ago at a railroad crossing near Kunming was brought up to date in a recent issue of the Sunday New York Daily News. It is reprinted here with Daily News photos.



IT WAS in 1949 when News reporter Joe Martin accompanied a forlorn Chinese girl from Taipei, Formosa, to New York, U.S.A.

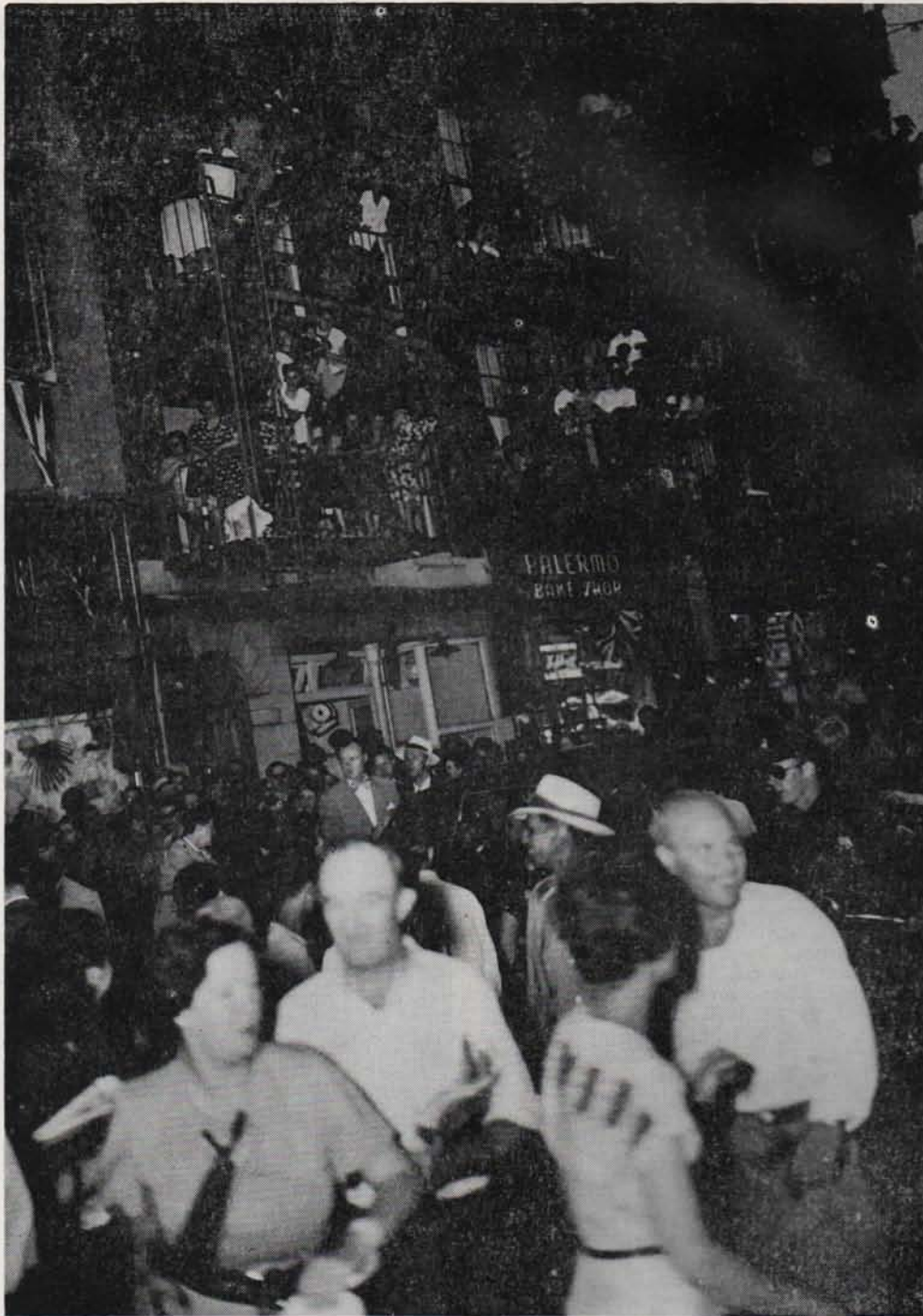
wood scenarios. One day, in early June, 1945, Chisari was driving to the OSS mess hall. He brought his jeep to a halt at a rail crossing. A train crammed with Chinese refugees rattled through. As the last car cleared the crossing, the sound of a splash in a nearby rice paddy caught his ear. Something, or somebody, had fallen from the train.

"I walked over to the paddy," Chisari said, reliving the scene. "I saw a woman's legs near the surface. I waded in and pulled her upon the railroad bank. She was a peasant, young and pretty. She was dead."

"There was nothing for me to do but inform the authorities. As I turned to leave, I saw a bundle between the tracks, about 200 feet away. I figured it belonged to the woman and might contain something to identify her."

"I picked up the bundle and looked into the face of a baby. She wasn't dead and she wasn't crying. She seemed in a stupor. Then, I noticed the blood. Her quilted jacket and a blanket was soaked with it. She was so thin she looked about a year old though I guessed she might have been two. Cinders from the railway bed were ground into her face. I opened the jacket at her throat. Blood was pouring from a long gash running from the middle of her right cheek down to her throat."

Chisari carried the child back to the jeep and laid her across his lap. He raced to the OSS medical center. He drove with one hand attempting to staunch the flow of blood with the other.



ON FIRST AVENUE in New York City, 5,000 people waited to see little Anne, finally reunited with Frank Chisari, the soldier who saved her life in China four years before. Martin (center) had moved heaven, earth and the Capitol to bring the Chinese girl "home."

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At the center he was told that regulations prohibited the treatment of natives.

Desperate, he drove to a nearby mission school. There was no doctor available. He tried a small, native infirmary about a mile away. It was closed. He encountered a buddy who recommended a French mission where, after bribing the authorities, he was allowed to leave the infant in their care.

Returning the following day to check on her condition, Chisari was dismayed to find the mission unattended except for a native crone. She took him to where the baby had been left in a hovel behind one of the buildings. Nothing had been done for her. She wore the same clothes. Dried blood still caked her face. She had been left to die and she looked dead. Miraculously, she was still alive.

Chisari had been in the Orient long enough to know that suffering was the fate accepted by most peasants. He was determined, as anger swept him, not to accept suffering for this child.

He had learned of a hospital in the outskirts of Kunming and cradling the semi-conscious child in one arm he drove her to the facility. The hospital was crowded. A doctor ignored his request for help until Chisari gripped the front of his jacket and menaced him with the .45 he wore in a hip holster. Then the doctor treated the child's wounds.

Because of the round-the-clock flights of the OSS planes, Chisari had been permitted to convert the fuselage of a wrecked C-47 into a workshop and living quarters, which made him readily more available for emergency repairs.

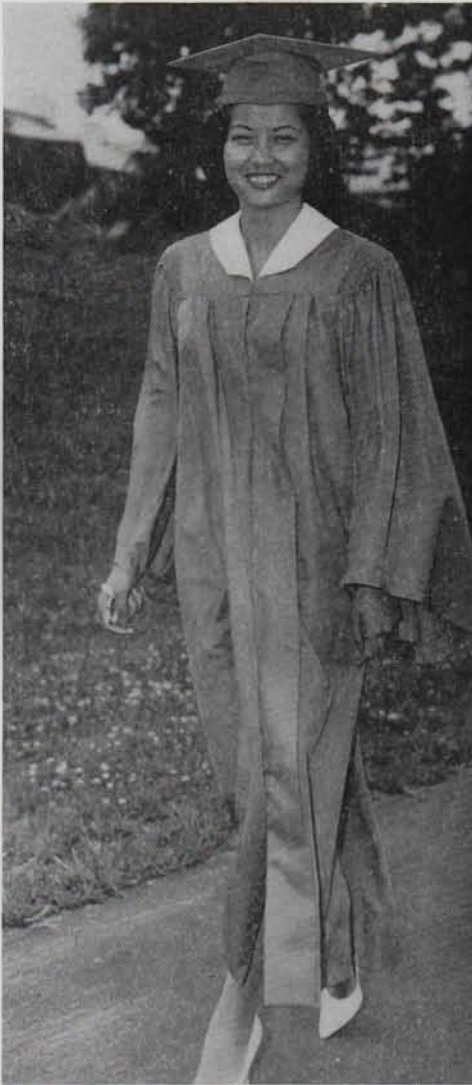
He moved the child into his quarters and with the aid of a mess-hall sergeant, he concocted a formula of crushed rice, eggs and goat's milk for the waif. Discarded parachutes were cut up and sewn into diapers. Chisari fashioned a harness to prevent the child from rolling off her cot and tearing open the sutures in her throat and face. When she had to be left alone, a friend in charge of the K-9 kennels stationed one of the dogs in front of the C-47 to frighten off possible intruders.

"It was wonderful," Chisari remembered. "She grew stronger every day. She seemed to have forgotten her fright and loneliness. Her eyes would follow me as I moved about the room and she'd often smile. I was very happy and also very worried. I knew it couldn't last. I had named her Anne, after my wife, Antoinette."

The GI and the orphan became one of the best-kept secrets of the OSS. If the brass knew anything they kept their silence. Then, abruptly, his loving care of the child ended. He was told that Gen. William (Wild Bill) Donovan, head

of the OSS, was en route to Kunming to inspect the base. The child would have to go.

An OSS officer volunteered to try to arrange to have the child accepted at the Kun Wei Orphanage of the China Inland Mission. He warned he might fail; the orphanage was overcrowded. Chisari wondered what the child's fate would be if she were refused. After some difficulty, the German Lutheran Sisters in charge of the mission were persuaded to take the waif into their care. But Anne was another problem. Only when



HIGH SCHOOL graduation for Anne was in 1961. The News had set up a college scholarship for her but she decided not to go.

Chisari promised to see her every day did she agree to remain.

The child and the soldier became a common sight in Kunming. Hand in hand, they strolled the streets and the native markets. They picnicked in the mountain hills. He bought her sweets and toys and clothing. He rigged a special seat in his jeep from which she could safely watch him while he worked on the B-24s. She lessened the loneliness of his life away from his family and he loved her as though she were his child.

One day the atom bomb fell on Hiroshima and another was dropped with scientific accuracy on Nagasaki and the war came to an end. Chisari, and millions like him, would be going home. Home was a railroad flat in a tenement on New York's East Side.

As Chisari poured out his story the city room emptied and in the quietness, he reached back through years of memory and recalled for Martin his separation from the child.

"I tried not to cry," Chisari said, "because it would alarm her. I wanted to tell her I was leaving her, but of course, I couldn't. I had a list of questions written phonetically for me by a Chinese friend. Things I wanted to know. Did she like me? She nodded, yes. Would she obey the Lutheran Sisters? Another nod.

"Then, I asked her, 'Who am I' and without a moment's hesitation, she said, 'father.' I promised her that somehow I would find a way to bring her to New York and make her a member of my family. Do you understand—it was a promise. Now, I'm frightened to hell that time is running out. The newspapers have stories every day of the victories of the Red Chinese army. It will only be a matter of time before the Commies take Kunming. That will be the end of Anne and the end of my promise.

"My wife understands," Chisari continued, "she wants the child as much as I do. We talk about it all the time. Pictures I made of Anne in China are alongside those of my two children, Adeline, 6, and John. John is 2. I don't make a lot of money but if I can get her here, we'll manage; we'll make ends meet."

His job at the Brooklyn Navy Yard paid \$70 a week and that was enough for Chisari's family. But that wouldn't pay for Anne's trip so Frank did \$30 a week worth of moonlighting as an electronics instructor and now there was \$600 put aside to bring her to the U.S.

But money, it developed, was a minor problem.

"Everywhere I go for help, I'm told it is impossible because of the immigra-

tion quota for Chinese. The waiting list is years long.

Wearily, he added, "I hope you can help. If not, thanks for listening."

The hour was late. Martin stretched, climbed to his feet and walked to one of the room's large windows. His mouth was brassy from too many cigarettes. He felt the need of a drink. Below, the city was quiet, almost lonely. He wondered if Kunming was quiet and if the child were still there, was she lonely.

He turned to Chisari and asked, "That's it?"

"Yes."

"Okay. I'll be in touch. I think it's going to be all right."

Before heading for home, Martin sent a cable to the Kunming orphanage calling for information on Anne.

The next day while Martin was apprising City Editor Harry Nichols of what had transpired the night before, he was handed a cable. It read: "Antoinette is well. Still here." Nichols took it from his hand. "That's it, Joe. Stay with it. If you need help, just ask. I don't have to tell you that you'll have to run Chisari through a meat-grinder. We have to be right on this one."

Chisari was requested to return to **The News** and repeat his story in detail. Martin was unable to find an alteration or an embroidery of circumstance.

He dug into Chisari's background. The Defense Department established his military record as impeccable. His neighbors and friends were interviewed. His character was exemplary. OSS veterans who had served with him were found. Yes, they said, everything Chisari said was truth.

Martin was given a partner, Neal Patterson, a craftsman of **The News** rewrite battery. Patterson polished hundreds of pages of Martin's notes into 8,000 words and from the reaction of readers, it could have run 8,000 words more.

Patterson and Martin flew to Washington where they drew from Immigration Commissioner Watson B. Miller a promise to try to get Anne to the U.S. if it meant "moving heaven, earth and the Capitol." The State Department and the U.S. Attorney General's office were also approached. Full cooperation was promised. Madame Chiang Kai-shek, then living in New York, arranged for the Nationalist China government in Formosa to provide the necessary passport documents for Anne.

A week later the Chisari story was framed in a rainbow. Immigration Commissioner Miller notified Martin that a quota number had gone into default as the result of the death of a Chinese emigree and it was available to Anne.



WEDDING DAY for Anne and Harry Dong was August 15, 1964. She is shown here with Frank and Antoinette Chisari.

But, she must reach the U.S. no later than June 30.

On June 11, Martin, accompanied by photographer Bill Wallace, was winging westward to Taipei, the steamy capital of Formosa, 110 miles off the China mainland where General Chiang Kai-shek had withdrawn with his army. Anne would be taken there from Kunming and after meeting routine immigration and international health requirements would depart for New York.

However, upon their arrival, Martin and Wallace were informed that the arrangements had been fouled up. Anne was still in the orphanage, 1,200 miles away.

Martin's plea that he be allowed to get the child himself was dismissed as totally unsafe and impractical. The Red Chinese army was sweeping across the mainland and in their path, bandit groups were looting the countryside. Commercial air travel was out of the question—too unreliable. He was given official assurances that agents of Gen. Chiang Kai-shek would be dispatched to Kunming and Anne would be brought out eventually.

When the general's agents reached Kunming they reported a major setback. The director of the mission refused to release Anne. She feared the commercial exploitation of the child upon her arrival in the U.S. The sincerity of **The News** efforts were beyond her understanding. She was firm in her decision.

During the following week, more than 5,000 words of cable-ese were exchanged between Kunming, New York, Washington and Taipei in an effort to break the deadlock. Finally, on June 20, the

child was released on the official assurances of the U.S. Nationalist China government that Anne's welfare would be fully protected. Martin thanked Buddha.

Another problem immediately developed. Air transportation from Kunming was unavailable. Gen. Clare L. (Flying Tigers) Chennault learned of the problem. He dispatched a plane from Canton to Kunming.

At 1 p.m., June 24, the aircraft containing Anne landed at Taipei's Ping Mountain Airport. Martin rushed to the ship and lifted the child to the ground. He used a doll he had brought from the Chisari's to hide the tears of relief in his eyes. His assignment was ended, he thought. He was mistaken.

The war in the Far East had disrupted commercial airlines. Taipei was temporarily sealed in. The first outgoing airliner was tentatively scheduled to depart in two days; more promise than fact. No charter flights were available. Martin began to have thoughts of hari-kari or taking an option on a local pedi-cab concession.

He cabled Patterson, the old gray fox in New York. Patterson relayed the desperation of the situation to Jerry Greene, **The News**' military expert in Washington. Greene got the Military Air Transport on the job and it volunteered to fly to Taipei and transport **The News**' team and their charge to Hong Kong, a terminal of U.S. bound planes. Martin had reservations concerning offers to hop-scotch around the Orient. What if the child fell victim to the illnesses that plague the young, making her departure to the U.S. impossible before the Immigration Department deadline?

When the MATS plane, a weathered, bucket-seat C-54 veteran of the Air Force landed at Taipei, Martin learned it had been dispatched under vague, verbal orders. As a GI he had held a variety of jobs, from airplane crew chief to supervisor of home-bound personnel. He knew the soft spots in military regulations. He advised the MATS plane pilot to radio his headquarters that the flight to Hong Kong was contradictory to arrangements that he had personally made with the then Secretary of Defense, Louis Johnson. The child must be flown direct to the U.S. The bluff succeeded.

On June 29, just as dusk was descending, a MATS plane containing its precious cargo landed at LaGuardia Field to the roaring welcome of thousands who had awaited its arrival.

The scene in front of Chisari's home on First Ave. was bedlam. More than 5,000 people jammed the area, closing the thoroughfare to vehicular traffic. Well-wishers, seeking to get a better

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glimpse of Anne, crowded the fire escapes of the building. Police, fearing the collapse of the structures, ordered them cleared.

Anne was home, safe in the arms of the family of her savior.

She quietly slipped into the life of a New Yorker. Baptised, she acquired an Irish godfather named Joe Martin. Lasagna, ravioli and veal parmigiana became her favorite substitutes for egg drop soup and bamboo shoots. She considered riding in a subway train a special treat.

Chisari prospered through a series of U.S. Civil Service competitive promotions. In the mid-50's he joined the exodus to suburbia and eventually settled in a home of his own in Searingtown, L.I.

Anne became as Americanized as blueberry pie. She suffered, for a while, the Elvis Presley trauma. The scars on her face eventually faded into a thin line. She was an excellent student. She became an excellent cook, an adept housekeeper and mothered two younger Chisaris, born after she joined the family, with protective dedication.

She grew into womanhood as a liquid-eyed, copper-skinned beauty with a humility for the circumstances that gave her a life richer than any Manchu princess.

Anne was legally adopted by the Chisaris in 1961, shortly after her 17th birthday. It was her year of decision. **The News** had earlier placed \$5,000 in escrow to guarantee her a college education. Anne declined—she preferred not to go to college.

On August 15, 1964, she married Harry Dong, an airplane mechanic and former Nassau Community College student.

Frank Chisari has been rewarded with good fortune. The closing of the New York Naval Shipyard in Brooklyn temporarily placed him on the unemployed rolls. He is now employed—at his highest salary—as a project engineer with the U.S. Naval Training Device Center in Orlando, Florida.

Anne and her husband live near Cocoa Beach where they have been joined by her retired in-laws. They occupy an apartment in a sunny, sea-swept garden-type development. Various other Chisari-Dong family members have migrated to the area to form a compact Italian-Chinese Confederation. When Cocoa Beach becomes crowded with visitors to a Cape Kennedy blast-off, Anne Chisari can be found lending a helping hand in the Hong Kong House, a family-owned venture where Harry Dong is employed as manager. Incongruous? She has a long memory and a special kind of class. Chisari would call it, *ogni giorno e buono* (each day is good). Anne would agree.

Anne Chisari Dong continues to live the decades-long legend of the GI and the Chinese Waif. She has an almost private concession on love; her love for the Chisaris and her son, Kevin Frank, 1, an orphan the Dongs adopted last November. The baby will continue to fill her life, even after her flesh bears its own child, and continue the circle that began 24 years ago at a railroad crossing in war-torn Yunnan province, South China. □

More Tourists on Road to Mandalay

By U BA THAN

United Press International

An increasing number of tourists may be traveling the Road to Mandalay now that the Burmese government has taken a first step toward easing restrictions against foreign visitors.

In 1963, Burma decreed that foreign travelers were limited to a 24-hour stop-over in Rangoon, capital of the Texas-sized South Asian country. A new policy now allows tourists to linger three days.

But Westerners attracted to Burma by Rudyard Kipling's poem about a retired British soldier yearning for his lost youth "On the Road to Mandalay" will discover the poet didn't know Burmese geography.

In Rangoon, for instance, the dawn does not "come up like thunder out of China cross the bay" because China

is located to the east of Burma behind a range of mountains.

There are no flying fish near the Road to Mandalay because Mandalay is an inland city, and the serviceable highway that links it to Rangoon, 400 miles away, is nowhere near the ocean.

In a less poetic vein, the new three-day visa means a tour of Rangoon, a tropical city of two million people with its best weather in the cool, dry season from October to March.

Rangoon does not swing, but it is relatively inexpensive and there is a lot to see.

The big tourist attraction is the gold plated Shwedagon Buddhist Temple, which Kipling called a "walking, winking wonder." Its spire, encrusted with more than \$100 million worth of diamonds and rubies, rises 326 feet in the air.

Burmese legend holds that the temple was founded 2500 years ago. □

'My Lai Incident' of World War II

By DONALD OLESEN
From the Milwaukee Journal

The world has been told that American soldiers rounded up and massacred Vietnamese civilians in the hamlet of My Lai on Mar. 16, 1968. Assuming that this horror actually happened, what turned openhanded Americans into pitiless executioners of the helpless?

The My Lai affair may touch the souls of older soldiers, wagers of old wars in dimly remembered places. Each may recall his own My Lai, his personal moment of hate, fear and frustration in an alien land. This was ours.

India: September, 1945: World War II was over. We had christened VJ day most generously with abominable state-side beer. Now the army air corps was sending its veterans home from India—clerks, cryptographers, teletype operators, mechanics, weathermen, flight crews, drivers, public relations men, military police, radiomen. Rare was the soldier among us who had fired a rifle in anger, or who ever had seen the enemy.

In Vietnam war terms, ours was neither a hard nor a dangerous war, merely a frustrating bore with a grandstand view of horror.

While we marked time in aseptic bases, bellies full, an estimated 1,500,000 citizens perished around us in the great Bengal famine of 1943, or died in the cholera epidemic that stalked it.

Our personal war was waged against soggy heat, monsoons, impetigo, malaria, jaundice and native contempt that seeped into the nostrils like the acrid reek of India, slow poison for the soul.

India seethed in revolt after centuries of white colonial domination, and most of us were white. The legends, "Yankee Go Home," and "Jao" (go) were splashed in red or white paint on half the walls of Calcutta, New Delhi and Bombay. Hot eyes followed the GI, a wilted and lonely khaki conqueror. Urchins taunted him and ran. Processions of angry, banner waving students passed him on the street and shouted, "Jao, jao, jao!" in savage mass chant. Weaned on love, he had inherited hate.

We Americans bolstered our wobbling egos in ancient ways. The natives were "gooks" or "wogs," unclean subhumans to be yelled at and patronized. We returned contempt for contempt, hatred for hatred, and the poison built up within us.

One sweltering day our outfit was paraded aboard a troop transport in Cal-

cutta harbor, ready for the long voyage home.

It was a moment of delicious climax, followed promptly by anticlimax. From Calcutta, ships must make a run of about 40 miles down the narrow Hooghly river channel to the sea. We were ready; the ship was ready but the port authorities weren't. Traffic up and down river was heavy. Our ship had to await her turn.

For 36 hours the ship stewed at dockside, crammed to the bilges with par-boiled GI's. The transport had become a gigantic pressure cooker ready to blow.

Our skipper himself apparently had built up a pretty good head of steam. When clearance finally came, the ship took off down the Hooghly like a famished horse bolting for the stable.

GI's massed on the decks, hung over the rails, perched in the gun tubs to watch the show. It was obvious to the dimmest witted landsman that our captain was running flat out, in gross violation of common sense and all rules of safe river navigation.

A massive wake built up astern, a great rolling wave that followed the ship like a dog at heel. It washed over both banks. The khaki horde on deck was silent, expectant. A little fishing village appeared on the east bank just ahead. There was a mass intake of breath.

The ship swept past the village, its wave in pursuit. Scurrying brown figures dashed to safety inland. The wave breached the bank, slashed through the village, flattened flimsy shacks and then receded, leaving a littered wasteland behind.

From thousands of throats came a great, hoarse, animal growl of triumph and then a savage cheer. GI's screamed and hooted until the tears came, thumped each other on the backs. Then silence.

Ahead, a little cluster of fishing boats nuzzled a flimsy jetty. One fisherman saw the tidal wave coming, scrambled aboard his boat, cast off and headed into it. The wave pitch-poled the boat end for end, leaving it swamped and its skipper struggling like an ant in the brown current. Other boats were bashed to kindling on the banks. The mass chorus of hate rang out again.

Our rampant wave bowled impartially through boats, piers, huts and people, creating riverside chaos from Calcutta to the sea. Men finally sickened of the game and turned their backs on the scene. The ship was scrubbed by the salt tang of the sea, and the sorrowful land blurred astern.

The facts of My Lai may be in doubt

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

but there is no disputing our own My Lai, for it happened a quarter century ago on the Hooghly. In location, circumstance and degree of violence, the two episodes are totally different. Between them, however, stretches a common thread.

When men's brains become addled by

months of heat, frustration, fear and ringside view of horror, something may snap.

And man the poet, the lover, creator of works of transcendent beauty, turns on his fellow man with a snarl in his throat. □

Tales of CBI

BY CLYDE H. COWAN

Seattle's "Dhobi Walla Basha", incorporated as a non-profit organization, is soon to complete its first twenty years of operation. Although we have suffered many "ups" and "downs" during this one-fifth of a century, survival has been possible by careful planning. There have been clambakes, picnics, potlucks, banquets, under-ground flickers, arguments and—you name it! But, as a Past Commander I can certify that we have never scheduled "just a regular meeting".

Recently we dined in suburban Bellevue, across Scenic Lake Washington. The feature of the evening was a souvenir show and competition. A prize was offered for the most interesting item acquired during the CBI period in our lives. Some forty displays were entered, including rare fabrics of multi-colored silk and wool, unique carvings of ivory and bone, and an arsenal of savage-looking knives. On a separate table was an assembly of techni-colored dolls, reminding one of the United Nations Headquarters.

Two visitors acting as judges, could not agree on the winner, so Attorney Earl Phillips was appointed referee. After some discussing he addressed the listeners in the legal voice of his profession: "Most interesting does not necessarily refer to size, beauty, cost, or use. My definition of that term will be in the form of a question. Which item will hold one's attention the longest after being scrutinized?"

"The three of us have examined the contents of this plastic container and we declare it to be the winner" announced Mr. Phillips. Then he invited the owner to elaborate on his prize winner.

A white-haired man shuffled forward to explain his souvenir from CBI-Land. While visiting a temple in Chungking, he said, he was shown through a large smoky room containing many altars.

Flames, from atop these mounds, projected bizarre shadows on walls blackened by centuries of soot. These weird shapes engaged in a perpetual fandango of motion. Yellow-robed priests were chanting a ritual for the dead, as they deposited bits of papyrus substance on the glowing embers. With a cat-like movement, he pocketed a yet unburned leaf of this prayer paper. Only the spirit of the departed witnessed his act of pilfering, he felt sure. The white-haired man then showed that curious sheet of paper to CBIers and their guests.

Then he removed a copy of the Shanghai Herald, as printed in Chungking. This issue, dated Sept. 10, 1945, proclaimed the Victory of China in the War of Resistance. Few newspapers were ever produced under more adverse conditions. In spite of a worn-out press, soggy paper and inferior ink, the net result was surprisingly readable. A display ad read "For Sale, 1936 Plymouth, price \$2,900.00 in U. S. Funds". Inflation?

Perhaps most valuable to the professional collector was the remaining contents of the plastic envelope. It consisted of two letters addressed to Joseph W. Stilwell, concerning social events in that war-time capital of China. A luncheon, still on the drawing board, was to be held at House #25 on Oct. 3, 1943, at 5:30 P.M. Some twenty potential guests were listed. Top ranking personalities of military, civilian, and diplomatic circles were to be invited. General Stilwell was being requested to approve of the affair and make any comments he considered pertinent. As per protocol, the General's own name topped the list, which also included Major General Thomas E. Hern, Sir Horace and Lady Seymour, Madam Sun Yat Sen, Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Kung, among others. Vinegar Joe's writing at the bottom asked "What, no Ambassador?"

The other letter invited the Theater Commander to a buffet supper on Sunday, Oct. 3, 1943 at #24 Farmers Bank Compound—Time: 8:30 P.M. His pen and ink answer—"Yes, with many thanks."

As the white-haired man, who is also this writer, returned to his seat, he was asked "Where did you get those most interesting letters?" □

The Rain in India

By RICHARD A. WELFLE, S.J.

According to "My Fair Lady," the rain in Spain is mostly on the plain. But not so in India. Here it is mostly in the mountains. In fact, there is a place up in the eastern Himalaya range that holds the world's record as the rainiest spot on earth. In this area the average annual rainfall is anywhere from 200 to 600 inches. Most of it falls during the summer months when the warm monsoon winds sweep in from the Bay of Bengal, heavily laden with moisture, and unburden it as fast as they can when they strike the mountains. One year (between August, 1860, and July, 1861) the heavens burst asunder up there to let down a deluge of 1,041 inches of sky-juice on the little mountain town of Cherrapunji. That's a mighty lot of "paneer" (Hindu for water), and it must require a rain-gauge about the size of a barrel to measure a downpour like that. That's why a school-boy wrote in a composition that the rain in Cherrapunji comes down in "copious fragments". And it must have been in Cherrapunji that someone first used the expression "It's raining cats and dogs", and someone else replied: "Don't I know it! I was just outside and stepped in a poodle".

Once when the rainy season was in session I happened to be up in a mountain resort called Shillong, which is only twenty-five miles from Cherrapunji. I decided to drive over so that I could write home and tell the folks back in OshKosh all about these torrential downpours. But a funny thing happened. Some joker must have turned off the tap, for I remained in Cherrapunji practically the whole day, and during all that time there was nothing more exciting than a bit of mist and a slight drizzle. However, I was not completely disappointed for when I got back to Shillong it rained for three days and three nights without ceasing.

This reminds me of a recent unpleasant experience up in another part of the Himalaya mountains at a place called Darjeeling. It had been raining heavily for a week, with the result that the motor road down to the plains had been carried away by landslides, and the little mountain railway had met the same fate. The only way to reach the plains was by an old road seldom used and badly in need of repairs. Only a Jeep with four-wheel drive could negotiate this thoroughfare, which in places was scarcely more than a bumpy glorified cow-

path. Anyway, I simply had to get down to the plains somehow, so I made the trip over this "turnpike" sitting on a tin box in the back of a Jeep van for five rough-and-rumble hours. When we finally reached the plains, I was still breathing, but the fleshy part of my thigh was completely numb and very badly bruised.

No one should get the impression from what has been said thus far that ALL the rain in India is in the mountains. There is also plenty in the plains. For instance, at the present sitting, the monsoon rains are holding forth down in the South of India, and this morning's paper reported that they had 23cm in 24 hours in Madras. This resulted in a flood with loss of life and devastating damage. Hundreds of mud houses collapsed, leaving thousands of poor people homeless. And five lakhs (500,000) acres of cultivatable land are under four feet of water.

That does not make a pretty picture. One is inclined to conclude that the rains in India are not an unmixed blessing. And yet the fact remains that the monsoon is the very life-blood of India. Incidentally, just to introduce a little touch of scholarship, I may mention that the word "monsoon" is a corruption of the Arabic word "mausim", which means a "season". So, as I was saying, the monsoon season is absolutely essential for India, because India's teeming millions are nourished chiefly on rice, and the rice bowl of India depends on the annual monsoon rains. If they fail, especially for two years in succession, there is famine in the land.

For this reason the coming of the monsoon is an annual event in India in which everyone is intensely interested. Many prayers are offered for a "good" monsoon. For one thing it means a heavenly relief from the scorching heat of May and early June when the old mercury climbs up to anywhere between 100 and 120. That is why, when the monsoon breaks, everyone feels like singing "Joy Is Like the Rain".

When it is running to schedule, the monsoon puts in its appearance in the North of India about the middle of June. But for weeks in advance there have been eager rumors of its approach. Word comes from Ceylon that it is drawing near. Then comes the report that it is creeping up along the coast. And finally, one day the skies blacken, a low breeze springs up, followed by a blustering gale, driving before it a wall of dust. There

are flashes of lightning across the black pall of sky, with rumbling of thunder, and at last everyone knows that the monsoon is about to break. Usually ushered in by a heavy downpour, it gradually tapers off to a steady shower, and from then on until September rain will be more or less the order of the day.

Now here is an interesting thing about the rain in India. Usually we think of rain as being all the same: rain is simply rain, and there is nothing more to be said about it. But not so in India. Here the people distinguish many different kinds of rain, and they have a name for each one, e.g. the Rohini rain, the Chitra rain, the Swati rain, the Kritika rain, the Asresa rain, etc., etc.

Some rains are considered propitious. They are good for plowing and planting. But others are said to be bitter, or they are untimely and bad for crops. The "Swati" rain is especially desirable. The people pray that it may not fail, for it comes at a very good time, just when

the crops need it. For this reason, they call it the "pearl" rain, because each drop is precious as a pearl. They also say that a pearl is formed by a drop of "swati" rain falling into an oyster. A bad rain, on the other hand, is the "Asresa" rain. The people pray for this one to stay away. It is dangerous, because it often brings too much rain and causes floods.

Another nice rain is called the "Hathiya" rain. And it has an interesting connotation. The Hindi word for an elephant is "hathi", and the "hathiya" rain has very large drops: with a bit of hyperbole, they are said to be the size of an elephant's footprints. So this is called the "hathiya" or "elephant" rain. It comes at the end of the monsoon. When the people see its large drops falling, they know that the rainy season has come to a close. And now they can say, in the words of Wordsworth:

"Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone."

Kashmir Feels Pressure of Nations

Kashmir lies squeezed in a vise of converging nations.

Divided and disputed by India and Pakistan, the beautiful mountain state feels icy winds from the Himalayas dominated by China and China-held Tibet. India recently called Chinese road building in the area a "threat to peace in Asia."

From the north, Soviet Russia reaches to within a few miles of Kashmir. Afghanistan slips between Russia and Pakistan to touch its Asian neighbor.

Kashmir lies in the Himalayan foothills between heat-baked plains and mountains of eternal snow. Four million people live within its 86,000 square miles, an area roughly the size of Utah, the National Geographic Society says.

The terrain rises in such abrupt steps that it has been called a "House of Many Stories." Northern Kashmir contains the barren and sparsely settled mountain districts of Gilgit and Ladakh. Jammu marks a transitional region linking the Himalayan foothills to the plains.

Between north and south lies the fabled green valley, the Vale of Kashmir. Nearly half the state's population crowds this "Happy Valley" of bracing air, flashing lakes, and pleasure gardens built by fabled Mogul emperors.

Tourism long has helped the region sustain a frugal agricultural economy. Small farm plots yield rice, corn, and wheat. Craftsmen fashion shawls, rugs, copperware, and intricate wood carvings.

The icy Jhelum River sustains the Vale

with melt from glaciers and mountain snows. In villages along the river, the low mud rooftops of houses often flame with tulip and poppy blossoms or support grass that lures grazing goats and sheep in the spring.

Kashmir's largest city, Srinagar, nestles in the heart of the Vale a mile above sea level. It serves as the summer capital. In winter months the state government shifts 100 miles southwest and 4,000 feet lower to warmer Jammu.

Srinagar suggests a city in Medieval Europe. Houses rise abruptly from winding streets. Strollers dodge refuse from upper windows. Oiled paper instead of glass often serves as a windowpane.

The Jhelum flows by the city between protective man-made banks of stone. Shops and houses rise three or four stories atop dikes.

On the waterway, merchants—aboard small slender craft with names such as "Cheap John" and "Suffering Moses"—sell their wares to houseboats called "Highland Queen: Sanitary Fitted" and "Pride of Kashmir Super Deluxe."

During the heyday of the British Empire, hundreds of vacationing colonials and their families fled the plains for the cool uplands. Many built or rented attractive frame houses atop elegant versions of the local flat-bottomed barges.

They enjoyed all the comforts of home and, when they tired of the view, merely pulled up anchor and moved. □

Glider-Side in Bengal

By MAJOR THOMAS H. MORIARTY

From July 1945 Issue of Skyways

On that night in May when Jack Lovelace and Charlie Fischer got orders to report glider-side on the field in Bengal, they had no small notion that they were about to engage first-hand in a new pattern of warfare—a pattern that was to catch the Japs flatfooted and was to go into the archives of military lore under a new chapter heading of its own. Privates First Class Lovelace and Fischer were typical American soldiers, young, wiry and game—not a fleck of fear in their souls. They were not so long away from Uncle Sugar, either, and they had as yet to hear the crackle of enemy fire. Without a gripe—well, without a real one—they had taken on any assignment that popped up in the China-Burma-India Theater of Operations.

Tough, intelligent, adaptable—the kids were representative of the material that forms the basis for this new kind of war. With such material it is possible for the cool professionals to plan campaigns with unlimited imagination. Jack Lovelace and Charlie Fischer were “members of the firm,” though they did not think of it in those exact terms, of Lieutenant General Joseph W. Stilwell and his Chinese; of General Joe Lentaigne and his Chindits; of Brigadier General S. C. Godfrey and his Airborne Aviation Engineers of the Air Service Command; of Brigadier General William D. Old and his Troop Carrier Command; and of Colonel Phillip Cochran and his First Air Commandos.

It was something of a thrill for them to load a heavy construction grader into the glider, take their seats behind the pilot lieutenant and the copilot flight officer and be carpeted up into the sky as the C-47 gathered airspeed on the runway ahead of the long nylon rope. At the first stop their pleasure continued, for the boys relaxed among the flyers and the technicians like themselves—engineers, mechanics, signal men—and listened while the matter-of-fact Cochran stuck out his armored jaw and explained the mission of “Clydeside.”

Clydeside was a red circle on the map of Burma. On other maps there were red circles for “Broadway” and for “Chowringhee.” But this was the Clydeside mission and right now there were jungle-creeping Chindits—British and Gurkha foot troops—advancing. Soon

these fighters would establish the “box” in the middle of Jap-land and not so far from “Mitcheena,” spelled Myitkyina, and would proceed to clear off a glider landing strip between periods when they were not defending their wire barriers and their jackal holes from all four sides of the box.

Lovelace, twenty, from Congress, N. Y., and Fischer, twenty-one, from Coshocton, Ohio, had never up to now thought much about this tactical side of the war. That was the job for the brass. Lovelace's previous job had been in the Motor Pool, driving road units on convoy and around Delhi. His main interest in life had been in wondering whether his first-born, Nancy Lee, aged three months, resembled himself or his wife, Elsie. He and Fischer were putting out much of this kind of wondering, for they were members of what the lads in CBI call a “lost battalion,” a unit which has changed its APO number so frequently that the mail is missing for months, before it finally catches up.

You can be sure that the young men found this new aspect of soldiering “different,” and ate it up. Here was something that promised adventures such as reported by their buddies who had been hooked up with ASC Service Groups up at the fighter and bomber bases, where you worked on airplane engines while dogfights went on in the sky. Only this was new. This mission would trump anything they had been through yet—going inside Burma to see the Japs in person, miles and miles from home base!

They waited the clock around impatiently, and at 0330 hours on the next night, when the monsoon rain had slacked off enough for airplanes to flush on through, Jack and Charlie were again in the glider and this time coasting down through blackness to where the war began. By now they knew the fine points of the new pattern for killing Japs, and it called for this glider and other gliders to land, to disembark equipment and to try to build a real airstrip long enough and smooth enough for big ships to land with troops. The mission was to build this airstrip while the Chindits held off the enemy—to build it in spite of shells whistling or bullets sizzling or bombs rolling down the equipment with their ruthless waves of concussion.

“It was just like any other training trip, going down into Burma,” said Lovelace. “We didn't worry particularly. I

mean, we didn't think "This is it!" and run a temperature. But we did plenty of looking for Zeros, to assist the pilots. We were to be the first ever to land, ever to try landing in broad daylight, and the problem was different."

With the dawn, the transport and its tandem wheeled over a big lake, which told everyone that the little, lost valley should be close by. And there it was, simmering in the peace of ages; a land of flat heat and rice paddies, flanked by forest and jungle and ridges of hills. A cluster of thatched huts marked the scraggly Burmese village, the inevitable village, brown and dirty.

"There was a road going down this valley and it looked inviting to land upon, especially when we didn't see any soldiers down there, nor guns—just no activity for the eye to see. But we knew it was a misleading situation, and we had either to find the Chindits or become an easy mark for the Japs."

It was a peaceful scene, all right—peaceful like the casing of a block-buster in the sunlight of a loading deck.

"We checked our maps again and the tow pilot cruised around the valley slowly. Anybody waiting for his had a fine chance to calibrate his guns. Coming back, we saw a colored light flash out of the jungle edge. That was the correct signal from the biscuit gun, and soon we were able to make out a regular postage stamp of a field, not nearly as long as we had been led to expect."

Here the glider pilot punched on the release lever and the nylon rope swung free. The next move was to jockey around in the quiet air with this grader-on-wings and come in for a landing on a dime. But a crackle of noise turned this routing move into something of a deadly maneuver. The Japs in the village below had opened up with their machine guns, now that the glider was soaring lower within effective range.

"In the air, bullets sound like ropes snapping off with tension. We thought the plane parts might be straining and cracking or the grader working loose. It was a spray of bullets, even if we couldn't see the holes at the time.

"Then we nosed over and started down. The pilot pulled back on the wheel with all he had. It wasn't enough. Nothing would have been enough, for the heavy Jap fire had shot away the controls and response was gone.

"We heard the pilot say, 'Oh, my God!' and the way he said it made it a real prayer and a hope against hope. We ripped off our parachutes, as we had been trained to do, and climbed back of the grader and hung on to the brace pipes with all our might."

Jack Lovelace remembered next wak-

ing up under the tail of the glider. He was stretched out on the paddy and felt helpless. Fischer was beside him. Running toward them from the jungle edge was a soldier, dark of face and hunched over.

In the smashed nose of the glider, the pilot and flight officer lay dead. Such is the new, as well as the old, pattern of warfare: that some men must die and that beautiful courage is everywhere in the loom of victory.

"I grabbed my rifle and was ready to blast—when the soldier called out in English. Boy, were we relieved! Then some British medical officers rushed up and checked us over. They found Fischer's left arm was broken."

The other gliders now began to come in, all landing without mishap. They would touch earth with a fair bump, speed along, and then come to a sharp, scraping halt. Their landing gear would usually wash-out; a wing would collapse if the short strip was over-run. Two of these ships missed the strips and sat down in adjacent paddies. In one of these gliders was the Commanding Officer of the airborne aviation engineers' detachment, Captain Jerome D. Androlinus. He checked his military assets at once and found one machine operator, Corporal Jones, unhurt, Fischer incapacitated, and Lovelace cut and shaken up to such a degree that he could not immediately do a full job of work. Equipment had formed the sole cargo in the other gliders.

"For equipment we had one bulldozer, to knock over the paddy bunds, or mounds, a tractor and a jeep. Our grader, which smooths the strip after it is near level, was hopeless. The rear wheel and axle were bent in an arc, and its steering column was also bent beyond use. This wasn't enough equipment to do the job, of course, but there was another glider yet to arrive."

Using what they had, Captain Androlinus and Corporal Jones took turns on the bulldozer that day, while Jack Lovelace "tried his best to get well." Fifty British soldiers were spared from the box defenses to help reduce the ridges and bunds, working with shovels in the wake of the bulldozer. The field site was a strip of paddy which ran 2,500 feet and then dropped sharply by five feet to a lower level, where it continued for 1,400 feet. The two sections would be efficient for landing C-47's, but the depression had to be filled in and the gradient reduced to a minor factor.

"At two o'clock the next morning, the glider we needed came in. It had my friends, Staff Sergeant John Tierney and Corporal Hybarger aboard, and it carried a carry-all. This is an earth scooper

which is towed by a tractor or jeep and does a powerful leveling job. The glider crash-landed in a rice paddy, for there were only drop flares to indicate the ground, and as a result, Tierney was badly cut up, while Hybarger was bumped around, collecting some bruises and cuts. When all this happened, I was trying to sleep in a slit trench with the rest of the injured. The British doctor had fixed us up and thrown a canvas over the trench for shelter. However, our wounded were soon taken care of. An L-1, or tiny hospital liaison plane, arrived in the morning, and was able to land. Fischer and Tierney were taken back to our base hospital."

By this time, Jack Lovelace was able to pitch in and assist Jones, Hybarger and the others. All day the leveling went on at a speed ball pace, to the point where by evening 2,400 feet of strip were roughly "graded," without a grader. This job was done as occasional bullets tried to pick off the unprotected men at the controls.

During that same evening, three British transports attempted this preliminary airfield. Two made it successfully and one came in "satisfactorily," with a blown-out tire. The strip's general value had, therefore, already been proved, although it was still in process of construction and in a stage of development.

"On the third day we kept right on filling, grading and leveling the terraced paddies at top speed. I sure was proud of my friend Hybarger, in particular, for he worked like a Trojan with all those bumps on him. The captain must have had a hunch, for late in the afternoon a regular monsoon gale swept into us. Big trees snapped over, and we had a tough time keeping the airplanes from blowing away. One of the ships was moved around by the wind and rain to a right angle position. After three hours of rain strong as the jet from a fire-hose, the storm swept away. Our work wasn't ruined though, for a pilot from the First Air Commandos dropped in at four in the morning and had no trouble landing on the rain-soaked runway. This 3,600 feet had been carved out without the use of a grader—a real accomplishment."

The needed grader replacement was on the job next day. It had come in at dawn with Captain Dehoney of Colonel Cochran's outfit—just in time, too. By nightfall this grader was performing the task it does best—filling in holes, and the holes were blown out of the new airstrip by Jap 75-mm. shells.

At 1700 hours the Japs opened up, shooting shrapnel in a typically shrewd move to attempt to damage the valuable equipment. However, "attempt to dam-

age" became "Damage" with a capital D—heartbreaking damage. Shrapnel cut jagged holes in the carry-all bucket, the part which scoops the earth, and pierced the hydraulic lines. The tractor, which pulled the carry-all, had its magneto damaged by a flying chunk of metal. The bulldozer was knocked completely out of commission. Those shells, taking effect a day earlier, would have crippled the entire mission, stopped airstrip construction cold and left the airborne aviation engineers to fight their way back with the Chindits. But the Japs had been too late in bringing up artillery, and the element of touch-and-go surprise and speed in this new warfare was demonstrated as effective.

"Those were tough minutes. We knew the fleet of C-47's was due to come in on schedule soon—and there were the holes around the field, and the equipment was kicked to pieces. Hybarger tried the grader to see if it had stood up under the shelling. He found its radiator smashed by shrapnel, and she spouted steam spray all over the place. But she functioned, and 'Hy' buzzed around, filling up the shell craters. This boy Hybarger really did a job. He's a first-class airborne engineer, and this was his third mission. I learned a lot from him. Pretty soon after that, the C-47's began to arrive and settled down smoothly on our strip. Our part was almost over."

In the arriving ships were men, equipment, supplies—a junior army flown in by the Troop Carrier Command to back up the Chindits and take part in the future movement against "Mitcheena." Now the garrison of Japs in the Burmese village had a tough problem on their hands, instead of a small box of opposition to blast at from all sides at their pleasure.

"It was my turn to leave now, so I went back to base in a returning Air Commando plane," smiled Jack Lovelace. "On the way, I began to feel as though a hospital check-up might help, but the others had felt the same way, so I figured I was sitting pretty. I had a chance to see how they fight this new kind of war. It's full of timing, as in basketball, and there are some close shaves. Some get it. But it sure produces results." □

**Be Sure to Notify Roundup
When You Change Address.**

CBI DATELINE

From The Statesman

NEW DELHI—Six South Asian countries have resolved to relax visa and customs formalities to draw more tourists. Those countries were India, Afghanistan, Ceylon, Iran, Mongolia and Nepal.

SHILLONG—Inflation has affected the Indian rhino market. The Assam State government announced it has agreed to sell three of the animals to zoos in Los Angeles, Omaha and Brussels for more than \$13,000 each, double the 1967 price.

NEW DELHI—About 1.8 million out of India's child population of 180 million are mentally retarded, according to official figures. Nearly 450,000 are blind and 235,000 deaf. About 500,000 are physically handicapped. Officials feel that malnutrition takes a heavy toll of the country's child population.

NEW DELHI—Fifty-one missing children were recovered by New Delhi police one night in 37 raids throughout the city. Most of the children were runaways from other Indian cities.

PANAJI—The government telephone office turned off 80 telephones allotted to Goa government for non-payment of some \$26,000 in back bills. Badly hit were the secretaries, the police department, and two hospitals as well as two state cabinet ministers and the deputy finance secretary.

NEW DELHI—India's new army chief of staff, General S. H. F. J. Manekshaw, famed for his distinctive mustache, found a junior officer's excelled his own. "You cannot have whiskers longer than mine", he told his junior. "But this is NOT an order," he added in all solemnity.

BHOPAL—Seven thousand persons in this south Indian town, who have been waiting three years for phone connections, were informed that although the system is finished, they would have to wait until Prime Minister Indira Gandhi or a member of her cabinet comes to town to dedicate the system, before it is put into use.

TRIVANDRUM—A schoolteacher claims he has invented a common script for all of India's recognized languages. C. R. Bhaskaran said he evolved a Roman based 61-letter alphabet that could suit modern communications equipment such as teleprinters and typewriters.

FEBRUARY, 1970

CALCUTTA—Four people were killed—three in police firing and one following a cracker explosion—during disturbances in the Chowringhee area. Over 67 people, including 22 policemen, were injured. The incidents followed a demonstration before The Statesman office over the publication of an article in the paper. After the editor of The Statesman had expressed his regrets if the publication had hurt the feeling of a particular community, six demonstrators were taken in to see him. About 10:30 a.m. they came out to address the gathering and suddenly some men in the crowd threw crackers and brickbats. The situation was brought under control by about 4 p.m. In the meantime, two private cars, a delivery van, a scooter, a police jeep and a pan shop were set on fire. Several pan shops, two fruit stalls and other places were ransacked or damaged by stone-throwing.

RANGOON—While Burma's China borders remain in dispute, joint Indian-Burmese survey teams have demarcated 240 miles of India Burma frontiers under a 1960 agreement and are working on 250 miles more, the Foreign Office announced.

CHAPRA—Important historical relics have been found at Chirand, Bihar. Chirand is on a high mound, six miles east of Chapra town. Some people think that Chirand is another form of "Chira-Ananda" and was part of Vaishali in the Buddhist age. Relics found were black-and-red Chalcolithic pottery and gold coins of Gangeyadeva of the Kalchuri dynasty (11th century A.D.).

KATMANDU, NEPAL—The cost of mountain climbing in Nepal is going up. New mountaineering regulations issued by the government raised the price of tackling Mt. Everest, the world's tallest peak, to about \$1,000. For lesser climbs, fees will range from \$600 to \$800.

NEW DELHI—A teen-age girl got a lift in a private car, picked the pocket of the car owner and got off with Rs 4,000. The girl drove up in a scooter rickshaw to a filling station and requested the man to give her a lift pretending that she was in a great hurry. The man seated her next to him in the rear seat of his car. On the way, the nimble-fingered girl removed four Rs 1,000 notes from his shirt pocket and got off at her destination.

SRINAGAR—The zoological park at Dachigam on the outskirts of Srinagar received a new inmate—a rare species of deer. An Indian army unit had found it as a fawn. To save it from being killed by wild animals the jawans brought it to their headquarters and fed it on milk.

Chinese Have Medicine With a Point

By PETER GREGSON
Reuters

Business is looking up in Hong Kong for doctors who practice the ancient Chinese art of acupuncture to cure a variety of ailments.

Fresh reports of miracle cures in mainland China by inserting needles into afflicted parts of the body have swollen the small band of devoted acupuncture followers in this British colony.

New customers range from housewives to high-powered executives who seek the needle treatment for illnesses ranging from arthritis to simple headaches.

Widely publicized accounts from China told of miraculous cures of the blind, deaf, dumb and lame by Chinese Army medical units using the treatment.

The New China News Agency reported one army unit used acupuncture to treat successfully more than 1,000 blind, deaf or paralyzed patients in less than two years, despite having never previously studied acupuncture.

After the treatment, the blind could see, the paralyzed could walk and the dumb could shout "Long Live Chairman Mao," the agency added.

Acupuncture as an Oriental medical technique dates back more than 4,000 years when needles of stone and polished animal bone were inserted into different parts of the body to cure a variety of ailments.

The art was widely practiced throughout China until the Ching Dynasty, from 1644 to 1911, when the emperors decided their bodies should not be pierced and took to Western-style medicines.

Acupuncturists now usually use copper, or a similar highly refined metal, for their needles.

Traditionally the Chinese believe the insertion of the needles releases harmful vapors which give rise to disorders.

Patients say the treatment is completely painless, and it has remained popular mainly with the Chinese—although some Western doctors have been known to use it.

The president of the Hong Kong College of Chinese Acupuncture, Prof. Lok Yee-kung, claims it can cure many serious illnesses—including typhoid, cholera, pneumonia, rheumatism and migraine.

Asked if he felt acupuncture's newfound popularity was caused by reports of cures in China, Lok said there was nothing miraculous about them as he himself had cured many persons suffering from paralysis—including his 80-year-old mother—by acupuncture.

But so far none of the colony's dozen or so acupuncturists has claimed success in treating the blind and the deaf, and newspapers here are openly speculating on the possibility of an invalid's exodus for treatment across the border. □



HEADQUARTERS area, 20th Bomber Command, at Kharagpur, India, is shown in this U.S. Air Force photo.

BOOK REVIEWS



AN ERROR OF JUDGEMENT. By Stanley Wolpert. Little, Brown and Company, Boston, Mass. February 1970. \$6.95.

This is the story of the tragedy at Jallianwala Bagh, Amritsar, India, on April 13, 1919, as reconstructed by the author from details established by the Committee of Inquiry proceeding at Lahore, in November of that year. In the Punjab city, in the course of ten minutes, several hundred unarmed Indians were killed and thousands of others injured, as the orders of a British brigadier general turned the fire of one hundred sharp-shooting Gurkha Rifles into a tightly-packed crowd. This massacre followed an uprising in which six Englishmen were murdered, and a woman assaulted. The author, presently chairman of the Department of History at U.C.L.A., is the author of a number of books and monographs on India, as well as three novels, including the best-selling "Nine Hours to Rama."

23 DAYS: THE FINAL COLLAPSE OF NAZI GERMANY. By Marlis G. Steinert. Translated from the German by Richard Barry. Walker & Company, New York. November 1969. \$8.50.

This book covers that obscure and tragic span in which Grand Admiral Donitz presided over the dissolution of Hitler's Third Reich. Beginning with the collapse and bankruptcy of Germany before the Allied onslaught, Miss Steinert presents vividly-drawn portraits of some of the leading figures involved. These include Armaments Minister Speer, Colonel-General Jodl, political advisor and former Finance Minister Krosigk. The author calls them men of "peace and moderation" with morbid fears of Communism, involved during this "end of the road" period so that they paid with their lives at Spandau and elsewhere.

THE U.S. MARINE CORPS IN WORLD WAR II. Compiled and edited by S. E. Smith. Random House, Inc., New York. November 1969. \$15.00

This is a massive history of the deeds of the Marine Corps from Wake and Midway to the bloody fighting on Peleliu as American forces closed in on the Japanese home islands.

FROM THE LAND OF LOST CONTENT: The Dalai Lama's Fight for Tibet. By Noel Barber. Houghton Mifflin

Co., Boston, Mass. January 1970. \$5.95.

The story of the Communist Chinese invasion of Tibet in 1959, by the author of "Sinister Twilight," which told about the fall of Singapore. He has secured information from high Tibetan officials who have found asylum in the United States. The story of the Tibetan overthrow began on the ill-defined border in 1950 and was climaxed nine years later with an agonizing three-day slaughter of rebelling Tibetans loyal to the Dalai Lama.

THE DRAGON'S EYE. By Scott C. S. Stone. Fawcett Gold Medal Original. October 1969. Paperback, 60c.

A former newsman, Michael Hawkins, is called away from pleasant retirement in Hawaii by a U.S. intelligence agency to help an old buddy escort turncoat English reporter Malcolm Leigh out of Red China. Violence in this mystery and suspense story starts in Taipei, escalates in Hong Kong, then goes on through Bangkok and over the countryside of Laos and Thailand by sampan, helicopter, jeep, oxcart and rickshaw. The Asian backgrounds are convincing.

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Ex-CBI Roundup

P.O. Box 125

Laurens, Iowa



Commander's Message

by

Raymond W. Kirkpatrick

National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

Salaams:

Time marches on rapidly. Six months since Vail, six months to Tulsa. At the halfway point of our administrative efforts for the CBIVA year everything looks good.

During this passing first half, under the watchful eyes of Finance Officer Russell Kopplin, our funds are in excellent condition. The officers for this year had a get-together before leaving Vail to discuss plans and it was suggested that perhaps we could come up with at least 100 new members for the year. We are over half way there as Russ reported to me 49 new applications had been processed up to Dec 15, 1969. At this rate let us raise the goal to 150 new members. If you are not now a member of CBIVA give it some consideration between now and Tulsa.

Past National Commander Douglas Runk visited Tulsa recently and met with both the Mayo Hotel sales manager and the Tulsa Basha committee. Reviewing the reunion needs with Dick Smith, sales manager, took up several hours. "Digger" is well pleased with the deal worked out with the Mayo and reports in that respect everything is first class.

The reception given him on arrival by Bill Dorman, George and Mrs. Norvell and Tom and Mrs. Mainard was in the grand Tulsa style. A 3½-hour meeting was attended by 10 reunion committee folks. Bill Dorman is reunion chairman and treasurer. Old Marauders will be interested to know that the Tulsa Basha's commander during the reunion will be Brig. Gen. Leslie Lane, Ret.

This space is contributed to the CBIVA by Ex-CBI Roundup as a service to the many readers who are members of the Assn., of which Roundup is the official publication. It is important to remember that CBIVA and Roundup are entirely separate organizations. Your subscription to Roundup does not entitle you to membership in CBIVA, nor does your membership in CBIVA entitle you to a subscription to Roundup. You need not be a member of CBIVA in order to subscribe to Roundup or vice versa.—Ed.

He spent his CBI days, 16 months with the Marauders and Mars Task Force, the roughest, toughest jungle outfits the Army ever saw. In his hands the job is secure and the reunion job well done. "Digger" expects to return to Tulsa in February for another "look see" and then recheck again in another 60 days. How fortunate we are that many members like Douglas Runk are willing to give their time to assist in helping over the roughest spots in preparing for a coming reunion. A thousand thanks to "Digger".

A nice letter was received from outgoing commander of the Dallas Basha, Earl O. Cullum. An interesting line closes the letter, quote: "It took me years and I am glad I finally got involved in CBIVA affairs." Many others have had similar reaction in past years. He enclosed a copy of the Basha's history during the past year. It is a novel and helpful idea. Dallas Basha now has 45 couples taking part in their activities. A new go-getter took command in January—Sid Rappaport. Good luck Dallas.

As has happened so many times before, John and Mabel Barry had devoted hundreds of hours to degree team and committee work to other veterans' groups. A few years ago, looking for a relaxing evening they came to visit at a Basha dinner meeting. They like people and the CBI way of doing things. John is now serving as General Sliney Basha commander for the coming year. After their happy experiences in Vail they are Tulsa bound and Dallas too.

Chinese New Year's parade chairman has requested the General Sliney Basha to place a unit in the coming parade Saturday evening, February 14, 1970. They are giving special consideration to the CBI in recognition of the 25th anniversary of your successful efforts in freeing the China homeland of the aggressors. So while you are shivering in other parts of the country, have a jing bow juice or two thinking of the CBI on parade in San Francisco.

Down in Portsmouth Square the Chinese Elders still sit in the afternoon sun and talk about the CBI Puja Parade long ago and the old Chinese farmer on his way to market to sell three old straggly chickens. The other characters were good too, as they brought both tears and laughter to the people of Chinatown.

Mary and I are always glad to give visiting CBI folks a personal tour of the Bay Area. If you are planning such a visit be sure you have reservations at hotels or motels as in San Francisco the available rooms are 95 to 98 percent occupied the year around. Conventions are now booked seven years in advance. Touristwise it is a busy town.

RAY KIRKPATRICK
National Commander

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

Saigon Basha

● My wife Velda and I had a truly most enjoyable short visit with a wonderful American when we drove Louis Poudre from Milwaukee to O'Hare Field following the national CBIVA board meeting. He is the man who started the Far East Basha in Bangkok, Thailand. We had a Christmas card from him, and he has been reassigned to Saigon and hopes to start a basha there. He is already regretting that he can't attend the Tulsa reunion, but hopes to be in Dallas in 1971. Incidentally, Roundup readers may have noticed that the invocation and Thanksgiving prayer just before the start of the Detroit Lions vs. Minnesota Vikings football game on TV Thanksgiving Day was given by Msgr. Clement H. Kern of Detroit. He was the recipient of the first CBIVA Americanism award in 1957 at the Detroit reunion.

RAY ALDERSON,
Dubuque, Iowa

AACS Operator

● Was a radio operator in AACS; went over on the first trip of the Hermitage, arriving in India in June, 1943. Still remember that train trip from Bombay to New Delhi! I'm a ham radio operator now and occasionally talk to an old CBI hand who was either in AACS or Signal Corps. It amazes me that after all these years it is still possible to get copy enough to get out Ex-CBI Roundup, but obviously you are doing it and doing a very good job of it. Keep up the good work and best of luck.

J. W. McMAHAN
Marion, Ohio

172nd and 18th

● Was with the 172nd General Hospital in India, Burma and in Kunming and Shanghai, China. Was on D.S. with the 18th General Hospital in India and Burma. Was cook, mess sergeant and later in charge

of all mess department of hospital under Captain Long as last mess officer. Would enjoy hearing from any of the gang; also any of the cooks, bakers and meat cutters. Also would like to know what happened to Lieutenant Smith of the mess department.

KENNETH LEVENGOOD,
317 Grosstown Rd.,
Stowe, Pa.

U.S.S. Monticello

● Have noticed a few troop ships mentioned, and wonder what happened to the Monticello. The 330th Engineers went from the west coast to Bombay on this ship; it took 43 days to make the trip. (Lots of water for a dry land farm boy.)

C. C. CARTER,
Denver, Colo.

The Monticello, formerly the Italian liner Conte Grande, underwent de-commissioning in early 1946, and was redelivered

to War Shipping Administration in May of that year at Norfolk. Perhaps one of our readers can bring us up to date.—Ed.

Railway Battalion

● Was a sergeant in Company B, 726th Railway Operating Battalion, Pandu, Assam, India. Have always enjoyed Ex-CBI Roundup to the fullest. I can't praise your efforts enough, and wish you continued success in keeping all the ex-CBI-ers, like myself, well informed of the happenings, past and present.

THOMAS E. McGRATH,
Chicago, Ill.

Sookerating Service

● Was a tech sergeant in 1337 AAF Base Unit, APO 457, Sookerating, Dum Duma, Assam, India. I enjoy Ex-CBI Roundup very much; hope it will keep going for years to come.

RALPH JOSSELYN,
Hanover, Mass.



ATTENDING 1945 ceremonies in Kunming, China, opening the Burma Road, Lily Pons (second from left) is shown with American and Chinese personnel. Photo from Mrs. Harald Leuba.

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